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The Everlasting Arms

BY JOHN M. MOORE

"The Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." "The Lord reigneth." "The Lord is thy Keeper." "The Lord is my Shepherd."

THESE are glorious words. They reach right into the heart centers of the human race. They have come to us out of the far centuries. They have such carrying power that far into the future they will ring their joyous acclaim. They have been read and reread by multiplied generations and have brought comfort and courage to world beaten men and women in all ages of the world. Humanity has not had an easy road, nor walked with an easy tread; humanity has not lifted itself in that sort of way. Humanity has found itself through struggle, heavy, disheartening, deterring struggle, and the assurance of a divine undergirding has been its inspiration and its support.

It is just such words as these from the patriarchs of the race entering the ears and hearts of men that cause them to lift themselves anew to the heavens above and put forth a new effort for the accomplishment of the ends which they have set for themselves and their companions in the race of life. What steadiness they give to faith, what resoluteness to will, what triumph to hope!

Not only has there come this comfort to world-beaten humanity and strength to its faith, but such statements have given assurance as to the control of the world in which men live. It is not an aimless world if these words bear the truth. This world is not at the mercy of some blind force which plays upon it at its own will or with no will. If these words be true then the world in which we live is under the control of some sort of energy and force which we ourselves characterize with the elements of personality; and we

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ask ourselves anew, "Is there not a responsible Person in charge of the world and all that pertains to it?" If so, we can go on and we can stand a little more testing and little heavier burdens. We can abide and still hope for an ultimate triumph.

In the Beginning God

It is words like these coming to us today out of the far past, enriched by the experiences, hopes and triumphs of numberless generations, that make us deeply conscious of the fact that men have and do believe in a personal force in the world that is not greatly different from that which is in us. There is no more glorious service to humanity than to establish in man the conviction that God holds the world in order, that chaos is not upon us, and will never come upon us; that the world in any sense is not going to pieces and to ruin. "In the beginning God." The universe started right. Its source was adequate and competent and void of fancies and whimsicalities. "The Lord reigneth." There will be no running away. The Master is at the steering wheel. He has fashioned and tested the machinery, he has supplied it with driving power, and he knows the way. "All nations he has created, fixing their allotted periods and boundaries of their abode." That is reassuring, that God is not only the Creator but still the governing power in the world and among the nations and races of men.

There is no more absurd and untenable philosophy of life than that the world is running haphazard by forces that we do not understand. Wars come, disasters prevail, humanity slaughters itself, powers pass; there is consternation, but the world has gone on. Egypt faded, Greece wasted away, Rome lost power, but humanity is still here, and with greater force, greater possibilities, and greater achievements to its credit than ever before. The world is not losing. It has never lost. The world is a winner. It gives every evidence that it is under the steadying force of a controlling power that acts wonderfully like a personality. Man can trust a world like that.

With divine order established, the world is in a legitimate way and will eventually come to its goal. That conviction gives foundation and purpose and dynamic to human effort, and nothing else will. Destroy that conviction and darkness closes in. The men who have set forward the world have believed that they were filling out a divine order by the great ends for which they were striving and the supreme service which they were rendering. Building stacks of cards would be no entertainment for the men who have built civilization. If there is to be no going on there is no use of going at all. The world has got here. How? It will get yonder by the same force and guidance. There must be order and order comes only from personality. Without order, even a divine order, the world is not in a legitimate way, but with it, however it may seem, the world moves on to its purposed end. This conviction in men has put power into their efforts and dynamic into their purposes, and thus inspired hope for the accomplishment of those things which they set out to do in the name of God.

Moses performed a great service to his people but his greatest service was not in bringing them out of their bondage, however great that service may have been. Bondage is not necessarily an evil. It was not so to John Bunyan. It was not so to the people of Israel. It is not to any of us a necessary evil, for it may set us to the higher tasks and discipline us for the higher ends. But Moses' greatest service, I say, was not in bringing his people out of captivity, although that was necessary; but it was in bringing them to a sense of God. They were made to realize by varied experience that it was God who gave them deliverance; it was God who guided them forty years in the wilderness; it was God who brought them across the Jordan into the land of plenty. They were never allowed to forget their obligation to this God of their deliverance and guidance. The psalmists in their songs, the prophets in their appeals, the patriarchs in their exhortations made emphasis doubly emphatic that it was God with Israel, God with Abraham, God with Jacob and Joseph, with Moses and Joshua, God with his chosen people that made them the vessel of revelation and religion to all generations.

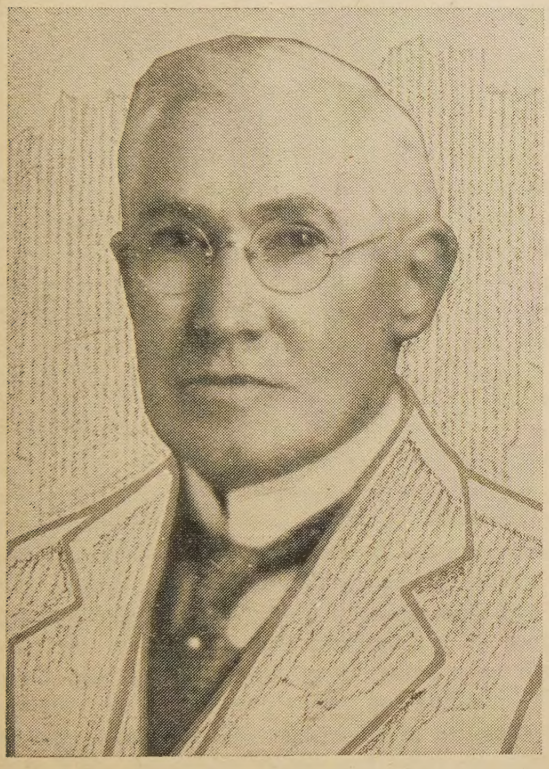
"Underneath are the Everlasting Arms." "He is thy Keeper." "He is thy Shepherd." The thought of a personal providence is the most comforting, the most stimulating and the most stabilizing thought and conviction for any individual or people—that God cares, is interested in us, is at hand, opening a way, guiding and blessing the entire race, bestowing the things that comfort and give strength unto us. And we need stabilizing and we need it often. The world needs it today. There is a lot of trembling before great tasks, great difficulties. Uncertainty beclouds us. Courage falters. Men need stabilizing in thought and purpose. Men like Job are needed who can and will say: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him." We can do that if we have the consciousness that God has his hand upon the world and upon us. And we will not do it unless we have that consciousness.

Creation and Providence

The providence of God must be regarded and accepted as a corollary of creation by God. It is no mere whim or impulse. God is a responsible being and he could not create without being responsible for his creation. What kind of a Creator has creation if there be no responsibility for that creation? God as a personality has no right to create a world for which he assumes no care. To create human life with the capability for thinking God's thoughts after him and then to deny that life support, guidance and protection is to be something other than the Supreme Being whom we can and should respect and worship. If this responsible God is the Creator of the world he will not abandon the world until he has accomplished his purpose in its creation. Such is the reasonable faith of man.

As we think on these things, we come more and more to consider the kind of Creator that we have, and what the world which he has created really is. What is the world? We too often think of it as a production of God's power, as something that he made, and as some-

thing that he made out of nothing. We think of creating the world in terms of a mechanical process, as we think of the making of an automobile or a house. No, no, instead of thinking of the world as God's production we should think of it as God's expression. For God to express himself was for him to create and for him to continue to express himself is for him to continue to create. He has not finished the world because he has not finished his thinking. For him to think is to do. For him to purpose is to execute. For him to make a world is for him to introduce himself into that world, to reside in it and to preside over it. It is good philosophy that the world in its ultimate form is personal; and personal energy comes from a personal Creator whom we may worship as God and Father.



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Providence to us is based upon this thought of God's intimate relation to the world: he has expressed himself and is continuously expressing himself in the world; he has not made a world apart from himself. That is why his everlasting arms are underneath. That is why he reigns. He doesn't reign over the race and the world so much as he reigns through the race and the world. He is not a Father over his family, but a Father because of his family and through his family. With this viewpoint it is little wonder that the patriarch said: "Underneath are the Everlasting Arms." Of course, "The Lord is thy Keeper." To be sure, he is the one being who has brought and is bringing these forces and elements into the world and consequently he shall work them out. He shall care for them as a shepherd cares for his sheep and there shall be no want.

This brings up the question of the relationship of man and God and of man's unending restlessness and of the personal tugging at every life. It is well to recognize the fact that it is the eternal restlessness of the human spirit that is the hope of God for the accomplishment of his purpose in the human race. It is a fine thing for man never to be at ease. If man should ever become so, God himself would be disappointed if not thwarted in his purpose. The creative God projects into man the creative spirit and no creator is ever at ease. The possibilities in the human race are altogether too great for God ever to neglect them, much less abandon them.

It is just this thing that challenges us today—the possibilities of that in human life which God could not abandon. It is a human being in which God is interested. God has expressed himself much in a flower, a rose, a carnation, a lily. Great is the rose, beautiful is the carnation, sweet and pure the lily. But God's greatest expression of himself is going to be found in and through humanity, and when he finds perfect humanity he can give a perfect expression of himself. He found that in Jesus of Nazareth.

God Cannot Abandon Man

The kinship of man and God is everywhere and in every way revealed. That kinship is sufficient cause for the unending tugging at every life. The kinship does not fade out. Man is of God and through God. God cannot abandon man. He is too precious. If he cannot, we cannot. God cannot abandon nations, and we cannot, for nations are aggregations of men, who are working out together the destiny set of God. God cannot abandon his race, nor any race, and neither can we. What he needs is somebody who can interpret him to humanity and bring men to understand him and his tender regard for them.

God's way to us may be mysterious, and especially so when narrowly viewed. Mysteries do not decrease with man's development; they enlarge and multiply. There are fewer mysteries with the African tribes than with the Chinese and Japanese and the Europeans and Americans. With the complexity of humanity grow the problems of life. But we realize that these are not to our disadvantage. Problems are rugged inclines that lead to the upper levels of thought and living. Providence itself is often if not generally manifested along these rugged inclines. God leads in these laborious climbs to the heights more than along the dead level of complacent living.

Different views of God and his world give rise to different views of his dealing with the world and man. It would be interesting to have before us today an American Indian fresh from the seashore as Columbus landed, and have him tell about the world of his mind, heart and experience. It would be just as interesting to hear a black man from the Congo give his impressions of the world, of God, and of man. Then bring in a man of the highest culture and have him speak. These three would not speak of the same mysteries, of the same experiences, or of the same interpretations of life. Their views of God would be so different that their views of religion would have little in common. Children and child races are highly imaginative and

clothe what they do not understand with mystery, superstition and myth. Reasoning men find God in movements, in intelligent revelations and in the correct interpretative reading of the times. There is providence for all, but the character of that providence will be interpreted to each in keeping with his understanding of reality and revelation.

"The Everlasting Arms." What are they? They are the provisions of his intelligent, merciful, creative energy. They are of God just as our arms are of us. They cannot be taken away and the full being be left. By them God carries the world and man. They may be laws of gravitation, of capillary attraction, or of falling bodies. God has certain great principles that underlie the physical world, the mental world and the spiritual world. These are everlasting arms. There are also arms of love and mercy that God has for our ongoing and upgoing. They are everlasting. His arms are open arms, steady, capable and faithful. God acts by reason and not by whim. His interfering is always according to law, his law. The moral purpose of God is behind all his acts.

The lack of intelligent, adequate and defensible conceptions of God and his relation to the world is responsible for a great mass of vagaries in religious beliefs. Men are unable to interpret experience or any part of it until they get a world view of God. Providence is not an act; it is the state of divine existence and divine activity. Providence leads to its own goal. The end toward which all things move is the kingdom of God. The eternal God is man's refuge and underneath man's world and man's life are the Everlasting Arms.

Fearless Individualism

By Robert Russell Wicks

What is that to thee? Follow thou me. John 21:22.

LET us consider together today the importance of a fearless individualism in a world like ours. If our country is to help in what has been called the race between education and catastrophe, we have supreme need of the individual who is not a slave to the crowd. Our college papers have been discussing of late the question of a rising individualism on our campuses. Without lingering in that discussion, I should like to use it as a kind of spring-board from which to dive into this whole subject of the individual against the crowd.

When Woodrow Wilson, during the early years of the war, wanted wise handling of our affairs abroad, he sent Walter Hines Page to the court of St. James with these simple instructions: Be yourself. He staked everything on one man's ability to keep his feet amid all the swirling tides of political chicanery and popular emotion. It was a time when people easily became mob-minded and pugnacious, and in that situation there was need of an independent thinker who could keep fellowship with differing points of view, and arrive at fearless conclusions. That is the sort of fearless individualism I wish to talk about. It was the peculiar object of all Jesus' ambition for his followers. He suggested his feeling on this matter when a disciple asked him what some other people were going to do, and he answered, "What is that to thee? Follow thou me."

Right away let us distinguish this from a perverted form of individualism which is a curse rather than a blessing in the world. It is one thing to consider yourself a separate individual. It is quite another thing to think of yourself as an individual part of something greater than yourself. Take a plain brass screw by itself and you would not even stop to pick it up if you saw it lying in the road. But if that screw regulated the carburetor on your motor car, it would have real importance as an individual part of your engine, and to find it when lost on the road would be like finding a pearl.

The Value of an Individual

Now this important distinction helps us to see where the value of an individual lies. There is much loose talk about the value of an individual. That all depends on the possibility of his connection with something more important than his own private desires. Apart from that connection there is no intrinsic value in an individual. Take a very homely illustration. Near one of our summer resorts there is a woman who keeps an old-fashioned wayside inn, which she has taken over from her deceased husband. Womanlike, she is wont to win the sympathy of her guests by telling them the story of her trouble, with confidential remarks about her former partner. One evening I heard her in the hall thus talking to some new-comers. Then she led them into the room where hung an enlarged picture of her husband and, pointing to the photograph of a rather corpulent man, she said briefly: "Two hundred and twenty pounds." Well, even when you knew the man's weight and appearance, there was no way to value him as an individual. We always want to know what people are connected with, what they belong to, before we can estimate them.

This same distinction between a separate individual and an individual part of something greater, helps us to see where the happiness of an individual lies. A friend of mine once told me of the preparations that were made for the first telephone conversation between New York and San Francisco. Every operator at the switchboard, and every man watching the lines in the open country, was told that if anything happened in his section at the time the conversation began, he would lose his job. In that big connection each individual felt a new importance. Twenty minutes before the appointed hour, one chief operator discovered a break somewhere in his section. By heroic efforts he secured a new connection down through Pittsburgh, across Pennsylvania, and back again on to the main line, just as the speaker in New York picked up his phone to talk. Proving your worth like that in some important connection is real happiness. When a man feels that

he is no good to anybody and is not needed in any important connection, he encounters the bitterest mood we know.

One might sum this up by saying that there are three regular stages through which we pass on the way to becoming a real individual. First, there is the stage when we assert ourselves. We make way for our desires against barriers that frustrate our growth. Then there is the stage where we become sick of ourselves. The mere assertion of our own desires grows unsatisfying. The more fiercely we have asserted our selfish-

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ness the more it seems like a "tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Then there comes the stage when we want to forget ourselves. We crave something great enough to command us and lift us out of ourselves and give us escape.

This perhaps throws some light on the state of society out of which we are trying to escape today. Dean Inge, in his recent book, has said that we are nearing the close of a very long period of emancipation. It began back in the middle ages. There has been the emancipation from church authority, and emancipation from autocratic political authority, and emancipation from slavery, and emancipation from ignorance by public education; and emancipation of women to live their own life; and emancipation of workers; and emancipation from conventional standards of morality; and emancipation of youth from sheer dictation by an older generation. There has been this great setting free of life. And the individualistic self-assertion in it all has been taking its rights to the limit, until it worked out logically in the colossal tragedy of the war. Since then we have been in a disillusioned mood. Literature has been cynical and pessimistic, telling us that there is little meaning in anything and that humanity is little more than a peculiar kind of scum on an insignificant planet. And now it seems we are growing weary of this futility. Some vast necessity, on an unprecedented scale, is driving our race into a position where we feel a desperate need of escaping from ourselves. We are at the threshold of a new era of inexhaustible possibilities, and all our hope lies in the direction of discovering that an individual must be a part of something greater than himself. Whether the world can move forward out of its present state of selfish timidity and futility, before another disaster overtakes us, depends on our producing some fearless individuals. Their motto will be like that inscribed over a doorway in a university in Aberdeen: "They say. What do they say? Let them say."

A Sense of God

The first requisite of such a fearless individual is a fresh sense of God. Most people's belief in God has gone stale. It has become conventional and trite. There is just enough punch in it to keep them respectable and no more. Stale belief is always powerless. But listen to Professor Einstein when he talks about religion. Perhaps his idea of religion is not adequate (neither is yours nor mine), but as far as it goes it is alive enough to make him a fearless, lone thinker around whom the thoughts of humanity have to swing. He is not afraid of what the crowd thinks. It does not matter to him what they say. He knows they will not understand him for a hundred years. And he is fearless because he has what he calls a cosmic religious sense. He is aware of the unity and vastness of the whole scheme of things, so full of significance, and he seeks to get some of that significance into his own mind so that he can be its ambassador and interpreter to men. No wonder that he confesses "mere individual destiny" to be like imprisonment, compared with being a part of this larger enterprise. "Individual destiny and imprisonment"—how that drowns out the twitter of the modernist who is insisting that satisfying your own desires is the main thing in life.

Or listen to a man like Carlyle when he speaks of religion. He said that, had it not been for the French revolution, he would have found it difficult to believe in God. We are grateful to the author of a recent book of sermons for reviving this memory which is so appropriate to our present world. Unlike Einstein, Carlyle was impressed by the perpetual protest which keeps showing itself in humanity against established wrongs and all the follies of selfishness. He felt that this movement in the race was age-old and undefeatable; and when you joined your individuality to this influence of God, you no longer feared the crowd and what they say. You did not even think of your own right to be happy.

Or listen to Emerson. He felt that each man of us stood between some resource in God's universe and people who needed that resource. This has been the secret of all fearless creative work—this conviction that you are an individual part of the whole process

that is going on to bring out the possibilities of goodness and truth and beauty latent in the universe.

And Jesus is just the interpreter of all these ways of sensing God. He never taught that we were separate individuals, like so many babies in a nursery, whom God coddles one by one to see that each gets his own desires satisfied and his own will done. He sought to develop individuals who would want to be to God "what a man's right hand is to a man." "Not my will but thine be done." "My meat and drink is to do the will of him that sent me." His words may have gone stale in our ears. But if any man would be a fearless individual, counting against the crowd, he will have to realize somehow that he is part of a will greater than his own—a will that is moving through all resistance, carrying tirelessly the burden of the world's selfishness, and rising up through all defeats to unfold a larger life for all.

The Responsibility of Influence

Another requisite for a fearless individual is a fresh belief in the certainty of influence. One of the commonest excuses among young people for dodging the responsibility of influence is the familiar saying, "No one will notice what I do." It is so easy to forget the adage that "little men make their impression by what they do, great men by what they are." The weight of one's life-influence has to be thrown somewhere. In a habit-forming world like this, something has to be done with everybody's influence. Just as in walking, you can throw your weight on one foot or the other or a little on both, but you cannot go into neutral and take both feet off the ground at once because your weight has to fall somewhere; so our bit of influence has to be added to some habit that is forming in the world, whether it is good, bad or indifferent.

Take a case in point on our college campuses. In every college there has been a habitual tendency for some individuals to feel responsible for the spirit of the whole college. All sorts of men have put their spare time into activities that have developed in students the idea of loyalty to some common enterprise beyond their merely private concerns. College affairs may be minor affairs, but they are a good practice field to prepare men for playing a part in larger affairs later on. In such activity citizens may be trained who not only enjoy a community but take responsibility for making a community that can be enjoyed by everybody. And now we are hearing that there is another habitual tendency making itself felt in the colleges. It is a tendency toward a kind of weary individualism. Spoiled babyism is perhaps a better name for it. Students come up to college who have been spoiled by an overprivileged life in their preparatory schools and in their homes. They have never grown up. They are like children who want someone else to look after the world while they amuse themselves. Perhaps they were big frogs in small puddles in their former place, and now in college, when they find many larger frogs in a larger pool, they keep out of the pool, follow their own private bent, cherish their week-ends in society life elsewhere, and act with tolerant indifference toward any slip-shod standard of life. This tends to develop the kind of citizen who is a menace to modern civilization. You know him. He does not want the whole world to be drunk, but he wants other people to keep the world sober so that he can be as drunk and disgusting as he pleases. He does not want a lawless community, but he wants someone else to mind the government and keep the laws while he goes his lawless way. These are the people who illustrate the difference between being an individual and an individual part of some large life that concerns us all. They are the spoiled children of earth who have never grown up. They want other people to keep the nursery comfortably warm and neat while they play with their little toys.

Lending One's Life

The weight of everyone's influence has to fall somewhere. We must either add to the influence that lifts the world up and unites it, or to the influence that disintegrates and drags it down. We are responsible not only for our deeds, but for their contributing to tendencies that are running in the world. If we are not lending our life to the ideas that will rule the future, we are lending our force to the habits that hold us to a dead past. In every generation you find God at work stimulating new and better ways of action which may not prevail for fifty years. And some people are saying, "It cannot be done, there is no use of voting for anything that cannot be done now. Count us in the good old party to vote with the great majority, for our slogan is that millions of people cannot be wrong." And then there are others who know that millions of people may be tragically wrong; and against the millions they throw their influence with that divine urge that is moving the race toward something more that ought to be; until at last it prevails despite the millions who once voted the other way. We enjoy all our blessings because some fearless individuals in their generation put their life into a cause which seemed hopeless but which had God's tireless will behind it.

> He kept his torch alight
> Against much buffeting,
> Until at last the world caught fire.

It is the browbeating of the majority that makes such cowards of us all. The radio and the movies and the syndicated press have developed the means of broadcasting influence like wildfire, and affecting millions over night. Fads and fashions sweep through a nation, until millions dress alike and eat alike and smoke alike and, what is worse, think alike. This mass thinking makes an individual feel helpless with his influence. On the contrary, in a world where influence can be broadcast so miraculously, all the more need for a fearless individual. Let him realize that he is a part of a broadcasting system that is growing more potent every year and that can spread his life to the ends of the earth. Never was there such a chance for the man who in any line of life will go forth alone under God's instructions: Be yourself. Well may he write over his door post the old motto: "They say. What do they say? Let them say."

Christ Crucified by the Church

By Carl Knudsen

He came unto his own and his own received him not. John 1:11.

AN OUTSTANDING leader of political idealism in Europe, reared in a pious home, has declared his conviction that to join the church would mean for him "to crucify the Lord anew."

Our first reaction to a statement of that kind is to ask the author what misfortunes have given him such a cynical attitude toward the church. We know that the ideal of the church is so high that it has never been reached, and yet we are not ready to admit that joining the church necessarily means crucifying our Lord. The church is simply a great society of the friends of Jesus. The statement of the European idealist would imply that the church is not friendly to Jesus, or at least is not able to translate that friendliness into appropriate works. Reasonable observers will say that, though the church often fails, at heart it is friendly to Jesus; in fact, it is devoted to him, and is committed to the purpose of exalting him and making him king. No other institution is so pledged to Christ's cause. Not to identify one's self with the church is to follow the pathway of the anarchist and to doom one's influence for Christ to complete extinction.

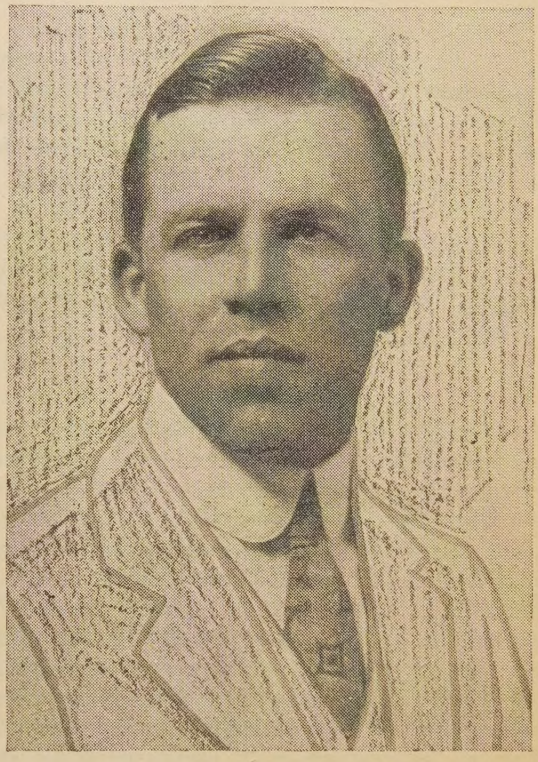
Jesus and the Synagogue

Jesus furnished us an example in this direction. He stood far from the organized church and yet he never left it, but spent his last evening in observing one of its sacred rites, the feast of the passover. He believed in associating himself with the church of God and doing all within his power to make his Father's house a force for righteousness and a home for the soul. Yet Jesus saw an inevitable clash coming between the established church and his followers. He foresaw the synagogue playing the role of guardian of the past and presenting a solid and impenetrable front against the new light which had broken in on the souls of men. He knew that many hundreds of churchmen would confuse faithfulness with stubborn conservatism, and would consider themselves called of God to put the followers of Christ out of the syngagogue and even to kill them. This was Paul's frame of mind, exactly, as he went forth to persecute the Christians. He thought he was doing God's service.

I am more in sympathy with a statement made recently by Dr. Boyden, principal of Bridgewater State Normal School that "Jesus *would* find a place in modern churches"—than with the utterance of the European idealist. Yet, I can see where we have been crucifying him and turning him out of our churches in practically the same way as he was turned out in his own generation.

I

In the first place, Jesus is crucified by the institutionalism of the churches. Churches begin as societies of people who are in love with Christ and are ready to do anything necessary to maintain that devotion and to forward his work on earth. It is very easy for such organizations to become imperialistic and ambitious to conquer the world. It was so in Jesus' time, for they compassed sea and land to win one proselyte to the synagogue without accomplishing anything except the increase of their numbers. The inevitable result of this relentless desire to grow is a lessening of spiritual fervor and a decrease in the quality of converts. Just



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now we are vicitims of what Dr. Halford E. Luccock calls "jumboism"; that is, we are likely to judge everything by its size. We must be big at all costs, but like Jumbo, we may have few other commendable qualities.

Institutionalism means not only a lessening in spiritual emphasis, but it means even compromise with righteousness. The church becomes ambitious to build hospitals, schools, colleges, and cathedrals. This requires enormous income, much of which must come from people of great financial strength. The tendency becomes stronger and stronger to grow indifferent to business morality and to ask fewer and fewer questions concerning the method in which money from which the church derives its share is earned. We become too much like John Morley, who wrote a book condemning compromise, but who made serious modifications of his views when he became secretary to India and a member of the upper house. St. Demetrius becomes our patron saint, because he opposed genuine Christianity purely on the grounds that "by this (silver) craft we have

our wealth." One man states it more strongly when he says, "The devil takes us churchmen up on a high mountain and shows us cathedrals, hospitals, mission stations, colleges and seminaries, and says, 'All these you may have if you will only fall down and worship me.'" We do not surrender consciously, but we gradually lose sight of moral issues in our pursuit of the material things necessary for immediate programs. For that reason we become terrified at any proposals for a change in society's way of doing things, no matter how Christian these proposals may be. Our motto becomes, "Bear the ills that we have rather than fly to others that we know not of." "The ills we know not of" mean the possible slicing off of our necessary incomes.

All this is not an indictment. It is a picture of dangers into which we are likely to fall under present circumstances, for we are no longer freed from entanglements with the very world which we are trying to elevate. It is possible to stand against the tide. There are some churches which have successfully resisted these tendencies, and have held stubbornly to their ideals even when it meant a certain loss in material or numerical strength. Such groups as these I am very sure Jesus could join, if he were here with us today.

II

Another way in which the church crucifies Jesus is by exclusiveness. Jesus could not tolerate the aloofness of the church from the moral and spiritual vagabonds of his day. His most painful thorn in the flesh was the man who stood up in the temple to pray and said, "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men."

Irwin St. John Tucker wrote a graphic article called "Meditations at Mass," in which he tried to imagine Jesus in sympathy with the meticulous performances of the priests robed in silk and chanting strange things. He thought he saw a cynical smile come over the Corpus Christi on his crucifix as he heard the priest read, "Feed My Sheep," when just the day before a child in his own neighborhood had been taken seriously ill as a result of what the doctor called malnutrition. He saw a millionaire in the front seat who had made his fortune from a corner on a food product, and had helped to starve this little girl, but he too listened placidly while the choir boys sang, "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these, my brethren." Even the choir boys troubled him, for he thought they did not care about the words they uttered as much as about the clump-clump of the rhythm. At least, he was aware that the singing was strangely different from the songs of the early disciples; it lacked fervor and sincerity; it was more concerned with technique than with spiritual meaning.

I have often wondered how close the average worshiper is to the actual suffering of the present world. A Y. M. C. A. secretary told me something of his heart burnings as dozens of men file through his office telling of their ghastly fear of unemployment with families and sickness staring them in the face. Outwardly we are a prosperous land, but inwardly the adjustment of new machinery is throwing thousands if not millions out of work to starve in the midst of plenty. In the meantime we are comparatively smug in our complacency, and demand soothing religious services. It is only by accident that we come very near to actual human struggle, and even then we are advised not to go too far with our idea of brotherhood!

This may sound hopeless, but we are not hopeless, for the trend of things is toward a more constructive and practical policy. Not many years ago church conferences spent their time on such important questions as the morality of bobbed hair, the methods of baptism, the cremation of the dead, and the highly vital question as to whether it was proper to use two fingers or three in making the sign of the cross. Now no progressive church meets for a session within making advanced pronouncements on questions that are nearest to the needs of humanity—war and peace, industrial relations, interracial contacts, prohibition, and domestic affairs. The church of the past followed John the Baptist who wandered in the wilderness, condemning the world. The church of the immediate future will be more like the Christ who came so near to the hunger, the disease, the spiritual death of his people that he was constantly criticized for mingling with publicans and sinners.

III

The church also crucifies Christ by misunderstanding him. Our communion service reminds us that we often misinterpret him when we think of the meaning of his sacrifice for us. It was formerly taught that God had been disobeyed and that he would not be reconciled to man unless someone would furnish a quantity of suffering great enough to make up for the sins of the race. This was not only offensive to the moral conscience of mankind, but was a libel on God, for it pictured him as a remorseless and angry tyrant. Others taught that through Christ their sins were forgiven and the effects of these sins wiped out. This, too, was a misunderstanding of Christ, for it was the sinner that he forgave, not the sin. Salvation, to be moral, must not treat sin as if it were not. Long after the sinner is forgiven, his sin goes on with its deadly destruction. Forgiveness does not restore purity to the brokenhearted girl, straighten out the twisted lives of his tortured children, or bring to the light the hundreds of fellow men whom he may have led into wrong. Dr. Borden Park Bowne once said, "A farmer cannot say, 'I have sowed weeds, but I now expect wheat because I have repented.'" Neither can a grafter say, "I have brought poverty on millions, but now I have repented, and everybody will be all right!" Scheming and faithless diplomats cannot say, "We brought a ghastly war on the world, but we have now repented, and the twelve million lives are restored, and the twenty million wounded are healed, and the forty million anguished souls are made to rejoice."

Why, then, should all this suffering of the cross, symbolized by our communion service, take place? Because it is the only way that the love of Christ could be revealed! Miracles or great demonstrations of power could not restore the Father and son relationship

of God and his children. They might bring men into a sullen submission, but what God wants is a willing and affectionate relationship with his people. The Redeemer's work is not "haggling with abstract justice," to quote Bowne, but is the prodigal's father going forth in search of his son, the good shepherd giving his life for his sheep, not at the demand of justice, but at the instance of divine love. The atonement theory that truly represents Jesus portrays God as being not indifferent but vitally interested in the plight of the world which he had created.

Are we crucifying this Christ by our institutionalism, by our exclusiveness from human need, and by our misunderstanding, or are we answering his love with earnest discipleship and with a burning urge for the righteousness that was in Christ?

Theistic Humanism

By Charles T. Holman

The King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. Matthew 25:40.

THERE has arisen in our day what seems to be a very unfortunate and altogether artificial distinction between the service of God and the service of mankind. There are sincere souls who tell us that the warmth of devotion to God which once characterized religion has pretty well died out, and that religion in our day has become a mere round of activities, a zeal for service—"mere social service" it is sometimes called. And, certainly, something that wonderfully enriches life, and provides moral dynamic to be found nowhere else, has been lost when "the zeal of the Lord" no longer possesses us. On the other hand, there are those who tell us that too much strength that might better have been used for the purposes of human betterment has been wasted on acts of devotion to a God who needs no such service; more than that, some will say, the very belief in God tends to create a dependence upon him to do miraculously for men what men must learn to do for themselves. It would be much better, they say, if we would put all ideas of God, and the service of God, out of our minds, and, recognizing that the task is one for our own hands, devote ourselves to creating a better world in which all, even the most completely disinherited of our present social order, shall have a chance for a rich and full and satisfying life.

But are we faced by any such "either—or"? Is there any such incompatability between the service of God and the service of men as both parties to the debate seem to assume? It is the profound insight of Jesus that it is in the service of needy humanity that the service of God is found; and that moreover out of this conviction there comes a motivation, and to the service we may render our fellows there is given an eternal and ultimate quality that can come from no other source. For the appalling and heart-gripping revelation of the judgment which the Master so graphically describes in the passage from which our text is taken, is that the Judge of all the earth is one with the last and least of all mankind, and the searching words of that Judge finds all our consciences, "Inasmuch as ye did it, or did it not, to the least of these my brethren, ye did it, or did it not, to me!" Taking the symbol familiar to all his hearers, "the Son of Man," the Judge of all the earth coming in the clouds of heaven, he identifies that representative of Jehovah with needy humanity everywhere, and asserts that only as we minister to the urgent needs of men do we discover any real place of service to God. The unmistakably clear message of it all is that if we are to find God anywhere that we may serve him it will be where human need exists.

Serving God Through Serving Men

Have you ever noticed the simple, ordinary, and everyday nature of the needs pictured in this judgment scene? They are so commonplace that the religious quality of a ministry to these needs may easily be overlooked. Hungry, thirsty, a stranger, naked, sick, in prison! But these are mainly economic and physical necessities; what spiritual service is there in relieving them? Yet I think we shall be greatly in error if we attempt to spiritualize them. They call out to our common humanity. But still more, these are the very conditions that go so far to shut the doors for multitudes to a full and satisfying life. Yet, while we would not spiritualize these needs and make of them something quite different from what Jesus had in mind, will not a ministry to the hungry and thirsty include creating an appetite for better things? Will not care for the stranger include creating a desire for life-enriching fellowships? Will not a service to the imprisoned include leading men to that inner freedom of spirit which no chains can bind? Yet I would not have us get away from those very concrete needs in picturing which Jesus runs the gamut of universal suffering. We serve God—this is the challenging assertion of the Master!—when we minister to these common needs of men.

But we are not to think that a mere temporary amelioration of human need fully discharges our responsibility. This is, of course, necessary. We cannot turn aside from the appeal of the individual for help or relief when we can give it. It is told of Mrs. Humphrey Ward that she once wrote a letter to a member of parliament in behalf of a needy family in his district. She felt that she might appeal to him with every hope of success, for he was well known for his interest in social welfare; he was constantly working to advance some sort of social legislation. But the member of parliament wrote back, "I am so busy with plans for the race that I have no time for the individual." Mrs. Ward filed the letter away with this trenchant remark written across it, "Our Divine Lord, when last heard from, had not attained this sublime altitude!" Well,

so it was. With all that the Master had to accomplish in so short a time, he could stop to respond to the appeal of individual need. We could understand if he had said that he must spend the brief period of his public ministry in reaching as many as possible; he must reach the crowds. Well, he did preach some sermons to the multitudes. But the larger part of the record of his life tells of conversations with, or helpful ministries performed on behalf of, individuals. There was Nicodemus, the rich young ruler, the woman at the well of Samaria—not much of a woman either, if we are to believe the story—and many others. Whether it was hunger, sickness, or spiritual need, the Master was ready to help. And so shall we if we are his disciples.

Finding Causes

And yet I sometimes feel that this temporary amelioration is somewhat like putting salves to sores when we ought to be finding out the underlying causes of these sores; we are treating symptoms when we ought to be striking at the deep-lying causes of the disease that afflicts the social body. Certainly our direct ministry to persons in need ought to be supplemented by a more fundamental service. I remember one bitter winter night in Chicago when I was walking along Twelfth street from the elevated train to the Illinois Central station to catch a train for the east. The wind was whipping off Lake Michigan, and the few people out were hurrying along with heavy coats on, collars turned up, and scarfs wrapped about their necks. But I noticed one lad, about twelve years old, also hurrying along the street. He had no heavy warm overcoat, no scarf, no warm mits; his face was red, moist and twisted as he walked the street that bitter wintry night. If an artist had seen that boy, and transferred him to a canvas which might be hung in the art gallery a few blocks away, I suppose that picture might have brought tears to many eyes. Or if one of our newspaper poets had written a rhyme about him, I suppose many hearts might have ached with sympathy. But the people on the street scarcely saw the real boy. And, I suppose, if one had followed that lad to his home, perhaps back of the "Yards," or in the slum area which surrounds the Loop, one might have found a condition of squalor and need almost unbelievable in our prosperous modern American civilization.

And the causes of that need? Well, it may have been drink—although we know that drink has been charged with more than its just share of responsibility for social need, heavy and dreadful as is its share. But there are so many other causes. What must happen in thousands of homes in times of industrial depression like the present, when great masses of men, breadwinners of families living just above the poverty line, are thrown out of employment? Or when the breadwinner meets an accident, or is stricken with illness? Surely we must do something more than form a bread-line—and I have watched that pathetic bread-line of over a thousand men at Immanuel church, Chicago, patiently waiting for their hand-out of bread and coffee. Usually three or four men fall from sheer hunger and exhaustion as they wait their turn. But, our social scientists tell us, the causes of poverty are discoverable and largely removable, if only enough intelligence and unselfishness can be summoned to the task! If we would serve that God who identifies himself with those who hunger and thirst, with those who are friendless and unprotected, surely we shall do all that lies in our power to help forward this fundamental readjustment of our social order.

The Prison Problem

But it is not only with those who suffer the dire effects of poverty, or even sickness, that our final Judge

CHARLES T. HOLMAN

is identified in this stupendous picture of the Great Assize. "I was in prison, and ye came unto me!" Now, I suppose that no class receives less sympathy, or less deserves sympathy, than that which fills our prisons. By and large they represent the evil, the anti-social elements of society. Yet I wonder if we are not called upon to recognize a good deal more frankly than most of us have done that after all the criminal is the product of a social order for which we are all in some degree responsible; and that much might be done, if we set about it, to remove the causes that breed criminals. I am in no sort of sympathy with that sentimental mawkishness which fills the murderer's cell with flowers; but I do favor our accepting a share of the guilt for which we are all responsible, and doing all that we can to change the conditions out of which anti-social conduct arises.

If you take a map of Chicago—and it is the same, of course, with every other city—showing the areas of great social disadvantage—poor housing, lack of play

opportunity, high morbidity and mortality rates, unemployment, dependency, broken homes, economic need, and similar social phenomena—and superimpose upon that map one on which cases of juvenile delinquency for the city are spotted, and you will find that the two areas coincide. Clifford Shaw's recent study of "Delinquency Areas" shows a delinquency rate of nearly twenty-five per cent annually in the slum district surrounding the Chicago Loop, shading off gradually until you reach the suburbs with a delinquency rate of less than one per cent. Here you have a revamping in social terms of the doctrine of predestination to damnation. Here are children in these underprivileged neighborhoods damned into the world rather than born into it. And when you see how juvenile delinquency develops into adult criminality, you see the dire effects of social causes which do not need to go on generation after generation. To remove those causes will require a combination of social knowledge and religious passion.

After all, let us remember that it is with these unfortunate personal end-results of social maladjustment, however reprehensible their conduct may be, that the Judge of all the earth identifies himself. And surely those who give themselves with consuming passion to remove conditions which damn the souls and bodies of men, and fill our jails, are ministering to him who binds himself up in one bundle of corporate life with the last and least and most unworthy.

A Living Sacrifice

I never walk across the campus of the University of Chicago, and read the inscription on the Ricketts Memorial laboratory, without being deeply stirred. For there I read: "In Memory of Howard Taylor Ricketts, assistant professor of pathology, whose life, already marked by rare achievement in medical research, was cut short by an epidemic of typhus fever which he was studying in Mexico City." And in those simple words you have almost the whole story. Here was a brilliant young student and teacher, who had already conquered spotted fever, plunging into an epidemic of that loathsome disease, typhus fever, which he suspected was carried in much the same way as the disease whose secret he already had learned. His suspicions proved true. Just as the wood tick carried the germ of spotted fever, so the body louse carried the germ of typhus fever. Now he set about to find the bacillus. With his assistant he examined hundreds of insects and blood cultures. They found the organism, and the fight with this disease was won. You will remember that when typhus broke out in Serbia during the war the results of Ricketts' study were put to work there, and an epidemic which might have swept Europe, and, leaping the ocean, as did influenza, America also, was prevented. But though Ricketts conquered the disease, he himself fell. He was bitten by one of the insects he was studying and himself died of the disease from which he saved thousands.

Now, I do not know whether Professor Ricketts thought that what he did had any particularly religious quality. He threw himself into the struggle against this dread disease and saved the lives of thousands, tens of thousands, I suppose, of Mexicans, an alien people which, to our shame, we have too commonly held in contempt. He may not have thought that doing this was a religious act. But I wonder if he would not be precisely the sort of person pictured in this judgment scene who say, "When saw I thee sick?" and hear their Lord reply, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me!"

Of course, there will be some who will say, "But, after all, is *this* religion? Is not religion something that has to do with prayer, the cultivation of a devout life, the study of the Scriptures, the public worship of God?" Well, those things certainly have much to do with religion. I never join with an earnest company of sincere people in the worship of God, but I receive an inspiration to live a bit more worthily. But that would seem to be the function which private devotion and public worship ought to serve. At any rate, it is perfectly clear that, in the mind of Jesus, the very severing test of religion lies just where I have tried to indicate. What causes men to be placed on the right hand or the left in the judgment, is the love or the lack of it, which causes men to minister to or withhold ministry from men who suffer need. And is it not perfectly clear that this must be the case? For what is the Kingdom but a social order in which men live together on terms of love and service? And how can a man who does not love be a member of that Kingdom?

Everyday Judgment

For, after all, although this judgment is pictured in such striking and dramatic form, is it not true that the judgment is proceeding every day, and that we are ourselves passing judgment upon ourselves, by the good will that we have or lack, and the service that we render or withhold? We are deciding, by our own personal choices, what company at last we are fit for.

To every man there openeth a high way and a low;
And the high soul climbs the high way,
And the low soul gropes the low,
And in between on the misty flats the crowds drift to and fro;
But to every man there openeth a high way and a low,
And every man decideth which way his soul shall go.

This means that every vocation may be a religious vocation, if genuinely infused with the spirit of love and service to mankind. We used to speak of religious vocations as those to be found specifically in the service of the church. But if this insight of Jesus be true, then any service out in the everyday walk of life that ministers to the deep needs of men is genuinely religious. Every ministry which will help men achieve that rich fulness of worthy and satisfying living which the potentialities of our common humanity make possible is not only religious but is none other than the service of God. This has not always, indeed, been recognized, but it is clearly indicated in this scene of judgment. "When saw we thee sick or in prison and

ministered unto thee?" "Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me!"

Religion, unquestionably, finds much of its motivation in the desire and need to serve God. And earnest souls have sought in many ways and places to find him that they might serve him. Whatever else the Master may have intended to teach in this great scene of judgment, the central, dominant teaching stands out clearly and unmistakably: that God is to be found and served not so much in ritual and ceremonial, not on an altar high and lifted up, but where human need exists, and that love and service to the last and least of mankind, to the most insignificant, unpopular and neglected, is the one true expression of love and service to him.

A former student of mine, now a pastor in New York, sent me one of his weekly bulletins some time ago, and on it was printed this little poem:

Christ claims our help in many a strange disguise;
Now, fever ridden, on a bed he lies;
Homeless he wanders now beneath the stars;
Now counts the number of his prison bars;
Now bends beside us, crowned with hoary hairs.
No need have we to climb the heavenly stairs,
And press our kisses on His feet and hands;
In every man that suffers, He, the Man of Sorrows, stands!

Remitting and Retaining

By E. P. Dandridge

Whosesoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them, and whosesoever sins ye retain, they are retained. John 20:23.

THIS solemn declaration of our Lord has been made the subject of endless controversy. On the one hand, it has been narrowed to an exclusive authority, and almost magical power given to the official priesthood, and that authority has sometimes been used as an instrument of tyranny. On the other hand, it has been emptied of all positive meaning, and men and women have suffered because the church, in the persons of her regular leaders, has abandoned the necessary and blessed ministry of the putting away of sins.

Into that controversy I do not enter, except to say that there are times in many lives when burdened spirits may receive immeasurable relief from the assured declaration, not as a private opinion, but as the authoritative voice of the church, which is Christ's body, that "He pardoneth and absolveth all those who truly repent and unfeignedly believe his holy gospel."

There is a wider meaning, of which this is a part: the tremendous power of personal influence and public opinion to put away or to retain the things that oppress and blight and dwarf and pervert human life.

I

In one of the world's greatest novels, Victor Hugo tells the story of Jean Valjean, the pruner, who stole bread for his sister's children, who were hungry. In doing so he broke the shop window. Housebreaking is a serious crime. He was arrested and sentenced to the galleys. He escaped, but was recaptured, and his sentence was increased. Three times this occurred, till finally he had spent nineteen years in hard and hardening imprisonment. Finally he was released, with a yellow card which designated him as a very dangerous man. He was filled with bitterness against men and against society. Everywhere he went people feared him and refused him a lodging, till he found refuge with the old bishop, whose kindness he requited by stealing his silver candlestick, but who treated him as Jesus Christ would have done. The courage, the faith, the courtesy and kindness of the bishop stirred in even that criminal spirit something which was to grow into a new manhood. It was the beginning of Jean Valjean's redemption.

How often to a man who has fallen into sin and is discouraged, burdened, fettered by his own fault, the confidence, the friendship of some fellow human, who abominates the wrong yet dares to trust and help the wrongdoer, comes as a liberating power. Surely every parent, every teacher, every friend knows.

Again, how often to someone sorely tempted to give up his ideals and standards and become the victim of lower purposes, the clear conscience and clear character and steady faith of someone looked up to and trusted is the power that breaks the shackles of despair and cynicism, puts away the sin, and starts the man on a further fight for freedom and truth.

II

Rivaling personal influence in its power of remitting or retaining sins is the tremendous force of public opinion. What is it? It is the generally accepted view and opinion of any group of people on any matter. So there is a public opinion of the family, its traditions and standards of value and of conduct. There is a public opinion of the community, of the church, of the nation, of the age in which we live. It is formed by the slow accumulation of individual opinions, and in its turn acts powerfully to determine the opinions, the actions, the character of all the individuals who come within its scope.

It operates in the smallest things and the greatest things of life. In America men wear trousers and women wear skirts because public opinion decrees so. In China men wear skirts and women wear trousers for exactly the same reason. Its influence runs through the whole scale of values. In one group it demands purity in women and courage in men. In another it sets up a single standard of morality. At one time it says: "Woman's place is in the home." At another it opens to her every career. It reaches up to the greatest issues in life. Public opinion in one school winks at dishonesty and whispers: "Cheating is all right, if you can get by." In another school it says clearly: "Honor is of more value than success."

Its power for blessing or cursing is almost limitless. Who has not seen something of the disintegrating force of the atmosphere—"Somewhere east o' Suez, where the best is like the worst; where there ain't no ten commandments, and a man can raise a thirst"? On the other hand, a young man with character unformed goes to the University of Virginia, and finds himself in an atmosphere completely dominated by the honor code. Public opinion for more than a hundred years has said that a gentleman's word is sacred, that to lie or cheat is the one thing not to be thought of. It is a stimulus like strong wine to a man's integrity.

Public opinion is more powerful than law. We have a tragic illustration of this in America today. Prohibition is in large measure ineffective because it is not backed by a strong and united public opinion. And not only in the restricted field of strong drink, but in a much wider field America is threatened by the weakening of respect for law and constituted authority. Public opinion does not regard law as sacred, and we have a crime wave. Perhaps we could take valuable lessons from our kinsmen in Canada and England.

It is, in its immediate effect on people's actions, often more powerful than the law of God. God's law says: "Be not deceived: God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." It is inescapably true. In the long run it is self-executing. But public opinion comes preaching the devil's philosophy that "a man must sow his wild oats." Many give heed and sins are planted in habit and character which can never be plucked out but with blood and tears. The sin which might have been put away is retained.

III

Who is to exercise this personal influence and to create this public opinion which have such tremendous power for remitting or retaining sins—for enfolding human beings in wholesome, tonic influences, which

A Pastoral Prayer

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

ETERNAL Spirit, high over all yet in all, who dwellest not in houses made with hands but seekest habitation in humble and contrite hearts, we worship Thee. Thou art very great. We cannot by searching find Thee out. Search us out, therefore, in those sacred places where spirit with Spirit may meet.

Speak to us today through beauty, chastening, subduing, quieting, inspiring us. Speak to us through memory. Let us not meet here a company of men and women only, immured in the flesh and walking on the earth. Let there be about us a great cloud of witnesses, those whom we have loved long since and lost awhile, with whom we have companied in family and church, that the remembrance of them may bless us. Speak to us through conscience. Let her authoritative voice call us back to forgotten faithfulness and lost loyalties. Speak to us through friendship and let affection allure us to finer issues than even the voice of conscience can lead us to. O God, speak to Thy people in their souls.

Thou seest with what gratitude Thy children lift their hearts in thankfulness for this sanctuary where we bow before Thee. Let us be blessed by its beauty and its strength. Let us not abuse them. Above all, let the privilege that here is ours not spoil us. Here may we walk humble and humane, steadfast in the simplicity that is in Christ and in the humility without which no man can see God. From all vanity, pride, and vainglory, good Lord, deliver us.

We acknowledge before Thee the shadow on our privilege and gladness here, for the unhappiness of man is also in our thoughts; the frightened victims of unemployment who month after month seek work and find it not, the poverty that stalks our streets and casts its shadow upon the possibilities of childhood, the long-drawn-out and bitter aftermath of war, man's inhumanity to man, and the baffling of difficult circumstance. O God, before whom the long travail of the centuries is wrought out and who hast ushered us into this strange world where no good thing comes save as we fulfill the conditions of its coming, strengthen us for the high enterprise of building here a more decent world for Thy family. To this end we beseech Thee that Thou wilt bless all institutions that seek the good of men. Let Thy grace rest upon all churches. Especially send Thy benediction upon the multitudes of those who go up to our schools and colleges that their souls as well as their minds being nourished they may be strong, and their energies being well directed they may be effective in building a better world than we their fathers have built.

Now, O Lord, our God, cross Thou the inner thresholds of our private lives. May the serious business for which we gather here begin in our hearts this morning. As we wait before Thee may bereaved souls here find comfort, stricken souls sustenance, tempted souls overcoming power, strong souls guidance to worthy ends of living. May the cleansing, challenging, chastening grace of the Spirit of Christ lay siege to some conscience here and a new child of Thine be born into an abundant life.

We ask it in the Spirit of Christ. Amen.

make for life, or in noisome influences which produce spiritual decay and death?

Human beings—men and women. There is no one who has not some part in it—uplifting or depressing, remitting or retaining. Some people seem to be merely echoes. Even they have some influence and contribute something to the force of public opinion, though it be only to keep it stationary. Whether I will or no, consciously or unconsciously, what I think, do, *am,* has some part in determining the spiritual atmosphere which others must breathe. If what I am is not elevating the society in which I live, it is keeping it down.

But chiefly the power and therefore the solemn charge are given to Christians—to those upon whom grace and truth have been bestowed. Those to whom Jesus was speaking were the men whom he had chosen and taught and inspired. His challenge comes today to all who share that privilege—to all who have opportunity to know the Life in which God's ideas of a man stand revealed, and to read the facts of human life in the light of that revelation. "Grace and truth came by Jesus Christ," and it is for the disciples of Jesus Christ, then and now, and always, to bring that grace and truth to bear on the lives of other people—to exert through their own contacts and through the dissemination of ideas an influence that will liberate men from the false standards of value, the supine acquiescence in evil, the weakness, the fear, the discouragement, and cynicism which blight and dwarf human life.

The Organized Church

In our civilization today we have a public opinion partly Christian and partly non-Christian, or even anti-Christian. Far above it is the spirit and truth revealed in Jesus Christ, the concrete exhibition of the eternally true and beautiful and good and of the power of these to redeem and bless. Between these two, as the channels through which heaven's life may flow down to meet man's need, stand the brethren—the individual Christians and the organized church, which is Christ's body. Public opinion in this land—in regard to private life, and home life and industrial relations and foreign or interracial affairs—is not likely to rise much higher than Christians make it.

Remember this, when we are tempted to compromise conscience for conformity to convention, when we fall in with the fashion of petty gambling at auction, we are fostering an evil which has cursed countless lives. Those who drift into disregard of the Lord's day are not only famishing their own souls but helping to spread the famine. The tone of "society" is kept frivolous and materialistic because Christians "in society" care more for pleasure and popularity than for character and usefulness and duty to God. Labor is still treated as merely a commodity because Christian men and women still think in such terms instead of in the terms of Christ. We accept uncritically the old slogans of narrow nationalism and the inevitability of war, because we have not the faith and courage for anything better.

So also in the sphere of personal influence, it is those who have the truth and grace of Christ who can, if they will, give to others a loftier purpose, a fresh courage, a quickening touch of Christ's spirit.

"Whosesoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosesoever sins ye retain, they are retained." Could there be a more solemn and glorious charge? Is there any way in which we can avoid it, if we would? Is it not inherent in the facts of life?

It applies with special force to the Christian ministry. The ministry is to carry on the work of the Mas-

E. P. Dandridge

ter. "As the Father hath sent me, so send I you." And this ministry was and is one of redemption, of putting away sins, of breaking spiritual fetters, of liberating from low and false ideas of life, of communicating a sense of forgiveness, of faith and hope and love and courage. Every minister is set to apply to individuals the absolution and remission of sin—to enter into their lives, share their burdens, help them to see and hate and escape from their sins. There is no phase of the pastoral office more needed—and more neglected. People desperately need today to hear the voice of the Lord saying authoritatively through his commissioned servants: "Thy sins be forgiven thee. Rise up and walk"—and to feel the inflow of a wise and understanding spiritual influence which is effective for pardon and peace and the power of a new life. And ministers are also set for the creation of Christian public opinion on all the vital issues of the times. If we fail in these things, no matter how successful we may be in building up the ecclesiastical organization, we have failed our Lord and our brethren. The words of the ordination service of the Episcopal church are none too strong.

But is is a representative rather than an exclusive responsibility. It is a ministry shared by all Christians.

Jesus Christ meant these words—meant them tremendously—meant them as a charge to all his disciples. In our homes, our communities, in all our dealings with people, "Whosesoever sins ye remit, they are remitted; and whosesoever sins ye retain, they are retained."

IV

"Who is sufficient for these things?" "He breathed on them, and said, "Receive the Holy Ghost." It is through the indwelling of his spirit, making us partakers of his faith and courage, his wisdom, his strength and tenderness, his standard of values and his patience, that we become fit.

The whole three years' training which he himself had given these men was not adequate. It was essential, but it was not enough. The fact that they had left all to follow him was essential, but not enough. Still they must "receive the Holy Ghost."

So it is with us. We cannot do it of ourselves. Conversion, training, discipline are essential, but not enough. We have to receive the spirit—and to keep on receiving. He guides into all truth—and guidance is a process. We ourselves, fed on the word and sacraments, trying, partly succeeding, partly failing, learning by both successes and failures, always coming back to him for fresh supplies of wit and grace, have to grow in grace and knowledge.

But from the beginning the charge is given—the power of remitting and retaining, releasing or leaving bounds—and with it the solemn responsibility, the glorious privilege. And if human life and human society are to be progressively made strong and sweet and wholesome, we Christians must accept our Master's commission.

We Would See Jesus

By Harold W. Ruopp

Sir, we would see Jesus. John 12:21.

"SIR, we would see Jesus." Certain men from Greece had come to Philip with this request upon their lips. They had heard about Jesus, something of his character, something of what he was doing. Now they were all curiosity; they wanted to see this remarkable person for themselves. Hence their simple request, "Sir, we would see Jesus." Since that time, countless others have had the same great desire to see Jesus; for man at his best will always seek for the highest, and the highest and the best which this world has yet been privileged to witness is Jesus Christ.

It is customary to make a distinction between the Jesus of history and the Christ of experience. There is value in the distinction providing it is not pressed to divorcement. The two are inseparably bound together. There is first the Jesus of history, whose life and teaching all too briefly summarized have been set down in the gospels. The facts of his life are there; the impression which he made upon those who came into actual contact with him are there. There are differences and discrepancies in the gospel accounts, to be sure; but upon the great fundamentals there is convergence and agreement. It is difficult to understand why men in the past and men today fret themselves about the non-essentials and the inconsistencies; there is enough in the agreements and essentials to keep us occupied a whole lifetime. Born in Bethlehem of Judea, Jesus spent the years until he was thirty in Nazareth of Galilee. At the age of thirty or thereabouts, he suddenly emerged from obscurity like a meteor out of a summer sky, and entered upon a ministry so wonderful and so radiant that the world has not seen its equal since. He lived so that men looking into his face glimpsed the face of the eternal, and in his heart they heard the pulsations of the heart of God. In his presence they were comforted or healed or inspired or saved from the earthward pull. They heard him and were lifted into a new kind of thinking and a different quality of living. Early in his ministry he surrounded himself with a little band of disciples who would help him realize the supreme objective of his life, the establishment of the kingdom of God on earth—his Father's kingdom. After a time, he turned his face to the south and like a hero marched off to Jerusalem—to Gethsemane and a cross.

Jesus Not a Myth

The Jesus of history is no myth; he is no legend. A few extremists have tried to make him that, but their following is small indeed. In this time in which we live there is an interest in this Jesus of history the like of which the world has not before seen. Men are studying him as they have never before studied him. More books have been written about him in the past ten years than in the preceding fifty. Within the past one hundred years, keen but consecrated critics have been at work upon the gospels, sifting out the certain facts of his life from legendary accretions, so that today the person and the character and the work of Jesus stand out in bolder relief than ever before.

Last August, in company with several friends, I was privileged to make my first motor trip through the White mountains. In the course of our journey we skirted the Presidential range. There above all others in majestic relief against the blue sky towered Mount Washington, the grisly monarch of the range. Mount Washington has always stood there, but of recent years men have made many trails to the top; they have studied the vegetation on it and the rock formation of which it is composed; and they have come into a new understanding of this cathedral of stone, not made by human hands. In like manner, scholars have been discovering and rediscovering the Jesus of history. And if we too make the request, "We would see Jesus," we can answer it ourselves by reading about him in the gospels, and by studying what the keenest minds have written about him. In that way, we shall discover the facts about him and his work and his teaching.

But what about this Jesus of history, the Jesus who was born in Bethlehem, lived in Nazareth, and died

in Jerusalem? Is that all there is to him? Is that all we see of him? If so, then woe be to us and woe be to Jesus, for we have boxed him up in time and space; we have relegated him to a little country, a man who lived some 1900 years ago!

Jesus and Modern Science

There are those today who are saying to us: "What right has this Jesus person to speak to us of the enlightened twentieth century? After all, he was a Jew, and a Jew of the first century at that. He used the thought forms of his day: phrases, some of which we do not understand and no longer use. The universe in which he lived was pitifully circumscribed. Modern science has enlarged it to undreamable dimensions. Our telescopes have pushed back the frontiers of space, farther and farther and farther back, until we cry out in dismay, 'And yet there is no end!' Our astronomers have discovered a star and measured it, found it to be so large that our whole solar system could be dropped into it, and there would still be space left. What has Jesus of the first century to say to us enlightened moderns? More than that, our microscopes have revealed to us the fact that there are little worlds totally invisible to the naked eye, yet behaving according to laws which govern the whole cosmic universe. The molecule, once the smallest unit of science, has been replaced by the atom, and the atom has in turn given way to protons and electrons, and ether and energy. What has the Jesus of history who looked at things and thought them to be something quite different from what we now know them to be—what has he to say to us?

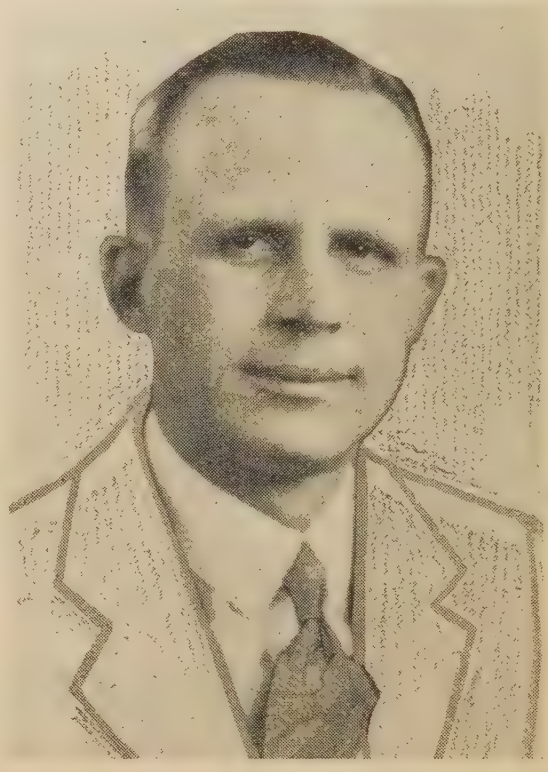
Moreover, compared to the world in which we live, how tiny was Palestine! It took a number of days to journey from Nazareth or Capernaum to Jerusalem. Today a Lindbergh spans the Atlantic in thirty-three hours, and a Graf Zeppelin belts the earth in twenty-one days, and does it leisurely at that. In a second's time, our wireless telegraph goes around the earth, and carries messages at the rate of one hundred words a minute. What has this Jesus person to say to us who have destroyed distances? He's out of date! Then again, the age in which he lived was extremely simple; ours, with its machines and industry and speed, is almost hopelessly complex. Impossible that his life and his message should have meaning for us!"

And all this is true, if the Jesus of history is all that we see. But he isn't; there is also the Christ of experience. We are privileged to see him as well, and share him.

Jesus' Problems Are Ours Also

This position which makes Jesus out of date and totally inadequate for the twentieth century overlooks one supreme fact: that the fundamental problems of life and of living which he had to face we today must face. The same forces of evil, of greed and lust, of pride and conceit, and of an inordinate selfishness, against which he pitted himself are with us still. Certainly in that respect he is not out of date. And the great virtues he taught, sympathy and understanding, love and service and sacrifice, and the tremendous worth of human personality, are as valid in the lives of men as they ever were. The mere passing of time does not destroy their meaning or their beauty or their efficacy.

As long as love has any meaning in the world, Jesus Christ will stand preeminent, for he was love incarnate. "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you," is as valid a principle of conduct in the twentieth century as it was in the first. The "gospel of the second mile" will forever resist the corrosive influences of time; it does not become rusty or moth-eaten. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God," is a challenge to high



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adventure as necessary today as it ever was. "Whosoever would be great among you shall be your servant," is a law governing heaven as well as earth, and it is eternally true. Kingdoms may rise and fall, the earth itself may at last be reduced to dust and chaos; but if that time ever comes to pass when the sun shall have set for the last time it will still be true—"Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends." Silhouetted against a red and darkening sky will still stand the eternally triumphant cross of Jesus Christ.

But this is not the whole story; we need to move out into the light of another commanding truth. We cannot account for Christianity on the basis of the Jesus of history alone; we must add to him the Christ of experience. It is not alone the Jesus of Palestine that we see; there is also the Christ of Pentecost. In all the pages of history there is no more fascinating romance than that of the Christ of experience as he works himself out into the lives of men across all these years.

In the first century there is St. Paul. We may have difficulty in explaining some of the physical attendants of his Damascus experience, but let us not overlook the salient fact that in that experience Christ walked into his life, so that thereafter he could say: "It is not I that live, but Christ liveth in me." Here was an experience so profound that it turned Saul the persecutor of Christ into Paul the crusader for Christ.

In the fourth century there is Augustine, brilliant rhetorician of Milan, in quest of some deep and abiding experience. One day in the quiet of his garden the experience came; a great peace surged up within him, a peace which he himself describes as passing all understanding. It was not the Jesus of history whom St. Augustine had met; he had come into contact with the Christ of experience.

The thirteenth century glows with the light of St. Francis. But his light is a reflected light! At the age of twenty, he had met the Christ of experience, and thereafter served him with undying devotion. The chapel of St. Damian still rings with his prayer: "Great and glorious God, and thou, Lord Jesus, I pray ye, shed abroad your light in the darkness of my mind. . . . Be found of me, Lord, so that in all things I may act only in accordance with thy holy will."

In the eighteenth century, John Wesley sits one evening in a mission in Aldersgate street in London and has his heart "strangely warmed within him." And it was a warmth which lasted so long that the whole social and economic and political complexion of England was affected by it. John Wesley had not met the Jesus of history; he had met the Christ of experience.

The Christ of Experience

Let us get all the facts we can about the Jesus of history; but let us not stop there. For if we do, our religion will become a cold and formal affair. It is not alone the Jesus of history we must see, we must also meet the Christ of experience. Once we discover him, religion becomes a living force, *a flame*. And there is nothing we need more just now in our individual lives, in the life of the church, and in our social relationships than the flame of a Christ consciousness and a Christ experience. It may have been there once but it has been permitted to die down to a faint glow or gray ashes. The flame of an all-consuming passion for Christ—what a possession is that! Without it, religion becomes formal and insipid, a mere thing of duty; but with it it becomes a power for life.

I made reference a little while ago to a recent motor trip through the White mountains. On that same journey I stood with bated breath in Franconia Notch, and looked up at the "Old Man of the Mountain." Far across the valley, high up the mountain side, the Great Sculptor has chiseled out of stone the likeness of a human face. As I looked at it, there came to memory a story which as a child I loved, Hawthorne's "The Great Stone Face." I found myself vizualizing the characters of that story: Ernest and his mother sitting before their simple cottage of an evening looking up at the Great Stone Face, mellow in the twilight glow. I heard again the mother as she told her son the old, old legend that some day a native son of the valley would return home, and his face would be the very image of the Great Stone Face. I watched Ernest as he grew from childhood into boyhood, boyhood into manhood, manhood into old age, breathlessly awaiting the coming of his hero. Mr. Gather-Copper-and-Scatter-Gold came first, then General Blood-and-Thunder, the epaulettes of his office dazzling upon his shoulders; then Old Stony Phiz, the grizzled statesman, and finally, the gentle poet. But always there was disappointment, until one day, late in his life, the people looked about them, and lo and behold, they made a discovery! It was Ernest himself who looked like the Great Stone Face. He had lived so long in the presence of his ideal that he had at last become like his ideal. Whosoever thinks long enough in terms of Christ, acts long enough in terms of Christ, lives long enough in terms of Christ will in the end become like Christ.

My prayer that day in Franconia Notch was this: "Father God, make me more like Christ." Let that be our prayer this morning. Grant to us his spotless character. Grant to us his zeal for the kingdom. Grant to us his faith in God. Grant to us his love for mankind.

Completed Personality

By Samuel Harkness

Ye are complete in him. Colossians 2:10.

A CHARACTERISTIC and hopeful factor in any consideration of humanity is the sense of incompleteness. The Eohippus, the size of a fox and with cloven hoofs, did not know that he was a rudimentary horse, and, as biology is a limited process, all that happened to the Eohippus was a larger body, solid hoofs, and a smoother coat. With man, however, the sense of incompleteness is not a matter of biological adaptation, but of mental curiosity and spiritual anguish. The chiseled creatures of stone, lifting themselves from the granite in which their feet are embedded, illustrate the passionate and grim struggle of the human sense of incompleteness.

On its brighter side, this sense of incompleteness has coined such words as possibility and progress, and is responsible for civilization and democracy. It expresses its attempts at completion in art, science, philosophy and religion. It is the reason for labor, the secret of adventure, and the mainspring of faith. But there is a shadowed side, and it may be in some form of inferiority complex. Envy, jealousy, pitiful exaggerations of conceit and finally discouragement and despair do their corroding work. And this tragedy does not cloud the minds and palsy the hands of the weak and ordinary alone, but tinges the attitudes of great and

brilliant men. George Santayana, in a recent essay, speaks of the immense value of a studied indifference to forms of life beyond our powers of realization.

Men try to complete themselves in variety of experience, possession of wealth, achievement of position or cultural knowledge. And the words of Solomon, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," are often spoken. To show men how to complete themselves in the achievements of idealism, in work which justifies existence, and in contentment which dwells beyond the reaching claws of circumstance, is to render them an incomparable service. Cheap satisfactions flicker out, the sense of well-being too easily capitulates, new toys are quickly broken, and desolation returns to mock the empty fingers which have clutched at happiness.

How Complete One's Self?

Upon this sense of incompleteness, I wish to release the light of a great text: "Ye are complete in him." A man cannot complete himself in a tree, even though he carves a violin from its heart, nor in stone though he build a stately shelter with it, nor in sound though he weaves a song out of its threads. Nor can a man complete himself in a book, for its static truth may later arise to mock his enriched wisdom. Warwick Deeping said recently that he wished that every line he had written before the war might be erased. When Pygmalion carved Galatea in stone, and then loved her into life, it is possible that in later years he wondered why he had not carved her more sweetly, particularly if she lacked a sense of humor. No man can put all of himself into the things that he does, nor wring from them the answers to the buried perplexities and hidden hungers of his being.

Smug complacency may fascinate us, even while we are repelled, for we wonder if we can catch a glimpse of haunted faces behind smiling masks. William Allen White pictured the successful politicians he has known in "Masks in a Pageant"—bright, little men swish their Prince Albert coat-tails through senate corridors and white house doors, but lean fears slip always along the pathways of their thoughts. No, man cannot complete himself in a career; it wearies him; and his insatiable soul goes marching on. We cannot even complete ourselves in our children, for they are detached individuals, and speak in the strange tongue of their generation. Soon there is a touch of sunset in the sky, and we cry out with Emmanuel Kant, "What can I know, what can I do, and for what may I hope?"

Spiritual Fragments of God

What does this audacious text mean? Simply this: God, of whom we are spiritual fragments, gave us his nature in miniature, and so fashioned our possibilities and hungers, that we can never be satisfied and completed save in him. "Philip saith unto Jesus, Show us the Father and it satisfieth us. Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet thou hast not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father; how sayest thou then, Show us the Father?" Here is that clear identification with human life which makes God real and reachable. Benjamin DeCasseres wrote recently, "I love God because he silhouettes himself against the firmament as the Eternal Spectator." But there is an added reason for loving God. We are slowly learning that the things which happen to us are not as important as the things which happen in us. Circumstances are not as significant as the reactions they evoke and the attitudes they crystalize. The added reason for loving God lies in the fact that, while the primitive mind needs an objective God, the sophisticated mind turns to the kingdom of ultimate truth within. Perhaps Jesus' answer

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did not satisfy Philip; it does not quickly satisfy us. But it was the only answer Jesus could give him. And, of course, discloses the only kind of God Philip, or anyone else, can find satisfactory.

The Kingdom Within

Coupled with this statement made to Philip is the one made to us all, "The kingdom of God is within you." God, the objective unreality, becomes subjectively real. We can meet him in our thoughts and thrill to him in our emotions. But how? God is in our capacity to dream. Surrounded by ugly reality, we can escape to worlds which have never lived save in the faith of men and the encouragement of God. But in answer to the charge that our religion is an "escape mechanism," we must pull our castles down out of the air. God is in our capacity to remain young. You remember Keats' "Ode to a Grecian Urn," in which he sees the youths and maidens in the frieze "forever panting and forever young"? A few years

ago I called upon a very old lady, the widow of one of my elders. As I bent over her chair, I said, "Why, Mrs. Kirk, there is a young girl looking through your eyes." It was true, despite the fact that her face bore the marks of age. The recapture of the dimmed radiance of youth by a continuous cultivation of humility and eagerness brings us into a sensed oneness with God.

God in Discontent

God is in our discontent—strange place to find him; we are never satisfied; no matter how well people say we have done, we think of the "fancies that broke through language and escaped." Perhaps a man is justified in reading into his "healthy un-ease" a Love that will not let him go. "Discontent," said a merchant recently, "sent my grandfather out with a pack of drygoods and 'notions' on his back, and he built a little store downstate; that discontent, inherited, made my father pitch the stake of adventure on a great city street; and my discontent has compelled me to spread the business over the world." Discontent, rugged and constructive, is the motive for growth; lifted up, it becomes a spiritual fervor sufficient to change human society. And God is in our capacity to love, and to call forth love. The holiness and dignity of love are not "highways to Zion" in the monthly effusions of the literature of lust and in the songs transmitted by radio from night clubs. The completions of human love, bringing to each lover a reason for new joy, an incentive for sturdier labor, and glory in self-denial, are tokens of that sacrament of the spirit where God and man commune in silence.

God is in our instinct for immortality. Beyond dogmatic argument and creedal affirmation lies a "peace that passeth understanding." If one buys an automobile and drives it around the block, its selling value has dropped; drive it a year and the shrinkage is startling; but man steadily climbs to a higher value despite the stress of labor until:

> . . . the prisoned God in man
> Shows his face glorious, shakes his banner free,
> Cries like a captain for eternity.

The Divine Quest

Yet the road to God is not easy, even though it lies within one's own life. Gamaliel Bradford quotes Mussolini as saying, "I would like to be intoxicated with humility." Many are interested in religion as a speculative philosophy, but few will crimson a cross of sacrificial experience. And many who scorn "revealed" religion, are not willing to find a more blessed assurance in sheer adventure. Humanism urges us to cultivate good cheer on a "firm basis of unyielding despair," but, as Bishop McConnell points out, "Despair is as subjective a quality as hope; there is at least as much basis for hope as for despair." Religion is not a human groping after God only; it is a divine quest as well. And when a seeking man and a seeking God find each other in human consciousness and experience, there is a completed personality.

The Way to Peace

By W. R. Siegart

Think on these things. Philippians 4:8.
As he thinketh within himself, so is he. Proverbs 23:7.

ONE of the greatest faults with most of our movements for peace is the fact that we are concerned rather with possible wars than with possible peace. This was shown at the naval conference in London when the so recently signed Kellogg pact was forgotten and the negotiations apparently proceeded upon the principle that the future would see other wars, grim and horrible, between nations.

It is more than twelve years since the armistice closing the battle hostilities of the "war to end war" was made effective. All of us remember the day as one of rejoicing, but the spirit manifested itself in different ways. For the first time in many months the ships at sea were lighted; vigilance relaxed and tenseness was slackened. At the front line of the army there was a moment of sober silence and then rejoicing. But in both branches of the service 'twas not the exuberance of hilarity. These young men had been sobered and aged beyond their years by the grim experiences of war; they were strong men.

"La Guerre est Finis"

Well do I remember the day some twelve years ago. We were billeted in a small town nestled in a little valley. No sun greeted us on that morning; it was raining as usual. We knew nothing about the end of the war being so near and preparations for our early departure for the front were being made. Towards noon the town crier came down the hill with an umbrella and a piece of paper, shouting "avis" at the top of his voice and appearing very much excited. His place of proclamation was the town square, but we soon surrounded him by the company cook-house and made him read his "avis." All I remember of it is the first statement, "La guerre est finis." There was no wild demonstration at the time; instead there were sober young men, slowly finding a place where they might sit down and think it over.

At last the war was finished. It was hard to realize the fact. Many have questioned the young men who were in France regarding their experiences and have wondered why they are so silent. I remember years ago when I was working in a certain factory that we had an elderly man who swept the floor and who was a veteran of the civil war. Often we would question him regarding his experiences but never would he gratify our curiosity. At the time it was difficult to understand his attitude but later many of us were to know, in some measure, why he would not speak. Silence enfolds many secrets of life too sacred and profound for mere words to express.

Here in the United States the manner of rejoicing was not the same. The experiences of war were different and so the form of expression was not the same

as that across the sea. The people went wild with excitement. The war was over; peace would again reign; why not, therefore, spend one's self in celebration?

New Programs of Peace

It was not long before many organizations for the promotion of peace came into being, and if the mere inception of associations were enough to establish peace, it would have long since taken possession of the world. Those who have been in contact with things in these post-war days remember the number of books and pamphlets which have been sent out containing programs for social and political reform. Some people went so far as to believe that at last the ills of human society would be cured; and we must confess that on the face of it, most of these programs had much to commend them. But the same old ills of human nature are still with us and we must recognize the fact that humanity, in general, is not thinking entirely in terms of those things which make for peace. If ever a state of peace is to come into the world humanity must be led to think peace. Peace must be so impressed upon the consciousness of people that they will "think on these things."

It is a sorry fact, but a true one, that sober consideration of the minds of men tends to reveal the fact that a great number of people still keep war, and states of war, uppermost in their thoughts. When Grotius wrote his great work, "De Jure Belli et Pacis," he sought merely to ameliorate a condition he could not abolish. To him, and to many before and since, peace was simply the state existing between wars. A treaty of peace was generally considered merely an armistice. So Grotius thought of war as the positive part of international jurisprudence, peace merely as its negative alternative, and these ancient ideas have not entirely been eradicated from much of our modern thinking.

Thinking Peace

Even if we could only impress the idea upon the great majority of this nation of ours, a magnificent movement would be inaugurated and the effect thereof would surpass all understanding of men. If we day by day could think peace, and if our contact with other nations were always to express peace, we would have a more powerful argument for peace than all the books which might be written.

We all love our country. That is an established fact. Love of country carries with it a desire that she be blessed and prospered. It also carries with it a willingness to sacrifice on her behalf. 'Tis easier in time of war to sacrifice, for all are keyed up under the stress and strain of excitement, and enthusiasm usually runs high.

But over the level of peaceful achievements it is generally more difficult to travel because there is no great excitement, and humanity seems to love the exhilaration of mass movement. The tumult and the shouting have died. We are face to face with the realities of living with our neighbors. But to the victor of such a struggle belong great and lasting rewards, even the eternal rewards which only God himself can give.

And this brings us to the crux of the whole matter, that world peace cannot be dissociated from God, and on this ground there is often much difference of opinion. Certain groups seek peace and morality through the medium of the law, but I believe this to be fraught with grave danger. Peace movements are not new in the world; history records them from the dimness of time. And all have failed, as I believe all present and future ones will fail unless something which has been lacking hitherto takes possession of them. And that something is the spirit of Jesus—not the spirit of legalism, but the spirit of love.

W. R. Siegart

The older I get and the more I study the world and human life the more I am led to believe that what people need is a religion which is able to move and govern the soul. And in particular I believe we need the religion of Jesus, the religion of love, to take possession of man, so that all might exclaim with Paul, "It is no longer I that live; it is Christ that liveth in me."

True Religion

Jesus is not to blame that his religion has not taken possession of the world. We Christians of all the ages should bow ourselves in sackcloth and ashes before the throne of grace and seek forgiveness and new life for our unfaithfulness in living the life of the Christ. We are too prone to fight for our religion and to argue about it, and too prone to forget to live it. We perpetuate our petty differences; we strive for our personal desires and honor; and we fail to keep

uppermost in our thoughts and lives the Master who loves us and who seeks our lives and our service.

What causes wars, anyway? Are they not caused by jealousy, greed, hatred, suspicion, avarice and all their kin? And can such things exist side by side with the spirit of the Christ? Will treaties without end eradicate these sins from the hearts of men? The treaty guaranteeing Belgium's neutrality and more recently the fate of the Kellogg pact at the London Naval conference bear martyrs' witness to what fruit humanity's failings will produce. But when we Christians begin to take seriously the teaching of the Christ, so that we will live his life, we will begin to understand the freedom of the Christian about which Paul speaks so much.

Not long ago a gentleman of some intelligence came to me after a church service and said, "That was a good sermon but I cannot believe one thing you said." "What is it?" I asked. "Why," he replied, "you said all men are brothers, and I cannot believe that." But it is true, or else the teaching of Jesus is false, and God forbid that we should question the utterances of the Christ!

"Our Father" the Basis of Peace

For Jesus taught that God was the Universal Father. "When ye pray," he said, "say 'Our Father'." And because God is our Father, all men are children of God and consequently brethren. How many of us recognize that? How many of us believe it? Would that the world were to come to believe that all men are brethren! No longer would we talk of Chinese, Mexicans, Englishmen, Americans, Hindus and the rest, but in our minds would dwell the thought that because God is our Father, we are all brethren. Let us "think on these things" for we know that as a man thinks "within himself, so is he." Directly from this Jesus drew that other great fundamental of his life and teaching, namely, love. And it is love both to God and man.

Yes, we must love all men, white, red, black, yellow or any other color, for love is of God. And where dwells the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man and the love of both, there cannot dwell hatred, jealousy, strife, envying, backbiting, greed and all the rest of such sins. Does not darkness vanish when light comes? Will not peace come to earth when the loving religion of Jesus takes possession of the hearts and souls of men?

But it is not enough for us to admit the truth, beauty and goodness of these things. It is not enough for us to give to them our mental assent. They must take possession of our very souls and become the life blood of our dealings with humanity.

It is a wonderful challenge to all of us, no longer to seek to perpetuate our differences, petty desires and whims, but to yield our all to the Christ, take him seriously, let him move and govern our souls; yea, to live day by day the religion of the Master. Then will wars cease; peace will reign, even the peace of God which passes the understanding of man. Brethren, let us "think on these things" for as a man "thinketh within himself, so is he."

Memorial Day Verse

Mourn Not the Dead

MOURN not the dead that in the cool earth lie—
Dust unto dust—
The calm sweet earth that mothers all who die
As all men must;

Mourn not your captured comrades who must dwell
Too strong to strive—
Each in his steel-bound coffin of a cell,
Buried alive;

But rather mourn the apathetic throng—
The cowed and the meek—
Who see the world's great anguish and its wrong
And dare not speak!

RALPH CHAPLIN.

Memorial Day

I HEARD a cry in the night from a far-flung host,
From a host that sleeps through the years the last long sleep,
By the Meuse, by the Marne, in the Argonne's shattered wood,
In a thousand rose-thronged churchyards through our land.
Sleeps! Do they sleep! I know I heard their cry,
Shrilling along the night like a trumpet blast:

"We died," they cried, "for a dream. Have ye forgot?
We dreamed of a world reborn whence wars had fled,
Where swords were broken in pieces and guns were rust,
Where the poor man dwelt in quiet, the rich in peace,
And children played in the streets, joyous and free.
We thought we could sleep content in a task well done;
But the rumble of guns rolls over us, iron upon iron
Sounds from the forge where are fashioned guns anew;

New fleets spring up in new seas, and under the wave
Stealthy new terrors swarm, with emboweled death.
Fresh cries of hate ring out loud from the demagogue's throat,
While greed reaches out afresh to grasp new lands.
Have we died in vain? Is our dream denied?
You men who live on the earth we bought with our woe,
Will ye stand idly by while they shape new wars,
Or will ye rise, who are strong, to fulfill our dream,
To silence the demagogue's voice, to crush the fools
Who play with blood-stained toys that crowd new graves?
We call, we call in the night, will ye hear and heed?"

In the name of our dead will we hear? Will we grant them sleep?

WILLIAM E. BROOKS.

WHO'S WHO IN THIS ISSUE

BISHOP JOHN M. MOORE *is a bishop* of the Methodist Church, South, residing in Dallas, Texas. He is a Ph.D. of Yale, 1895, and studied in Leipzig and Heidelburg. He represents his denomination on the Federal Council of Churches where his influence is always exerted for liberalizing and cooperative policies.

One of the most popular preachers at American universities remarked recently that at Princeton the students take their "cuts" on the visiting preachers rather than miss hearing Dr. ROBERT RUSSELL WICKS, Dean of their own chapel, who preaches on alternate Sundays. Dr. Wicks is matching the lovely chapel building at Princeton with a ministry to the student mind which begins to assume the dimension of a renaissance of religion in that educational center.

Rev. CARL KNUDSEN *was educated in* Albion College, Intermountain Union College, and Boston University School of Theology. He has recently become pastor of the Church of the Pilgrimage (Congregational), Plymouth, Massachusetts.

*Once a minister always a minister, ap-*plies to Professor CHARLES T. HOLMAN, who after successful years in the pastorate joined the faculty of the University of Chicago as professor of pastoral duties. He was born in England, and educated at McMaster University, in Toronto, Canada.

Elected Episcopal Bishop of Idaho in 1924, Rev. E. P. DANDRIDGE declined the honor to remain as rector of Christ Church, Nashville, Tennessee. He is a graduate of the University of Virginia, 1903, and Virginia Theological Seminary, 1906. A year was spent at Oxford (Oriel College) in England. His earlier parishes were in Greensburg, West Virginia, and Petersburg, Virginia.

Rev. HAROLD W. RUOPP *recently re-*signed as minister at William Street Methodist church, Delaware, Ohio, and will begin his new work next September at Boston University and Newton Theological Institution as occupant of the newly created chair of the art and science of preaching. Dr. Ruopp is a Boston "U" graduate. He also studied in Berlin and Oxford.

Rev. W. R. SIEGART *is pastor of the* Church of the Redeemer, a community church at Ramsey, New Jersey. The church is affiliated with the United Lutheran denomination, but receives members without denominational restriction.

Church life in Chicago felt a decided throb of new power when Dr. SAMUEL HARKNESS entered it a year ago, coming from a Kansas City Presbyterian church to take the pastorate of the Winnetka Congregational church on the north rim of Chicago. The Winnetka people have the good sense to maintain a community church comprising in its membership people from all the denominations. It is affiliated with the Congregational denomination.

The pastoral prayer is by Dr. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK, Minister of Riverside Church, New York City.

TITLES *and* TEXTS

What PULPIT Readers are Preaching About

ROY E. MANNE, First Methodist, Westfield, N. J. "Tag End Religion." Isa. 44:17—"And with the residue thereof he maketh a god."

R. J. MCDONALD, St. Andrew's United Church, Yorkton, Sask., Can. "Dust and Divinity." Gen. 3:19—"Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return." 1 John 3:2—"Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be."

FREDERICK W. NORWOOD, City Temple, London. "The Law of the Spirit of Life." Rom. 8:2—"The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus."

MORGAN PHELPS NOYES, First Presbyterian, Brooklyn, N. Y. "The Rewards of Christianity." Matt. 19:27—"Behold, we have forsaken all, and followed thee: what shall we have therefore?"

J. HOMER STUTZ, Trinity Methodist, Montpelier, Vt. "The Man on the Outside." John 18:16—"But Peter stood at the door without." John 20:5—"Yet went he not in."

WILLIAM PIERSON MERRILL, Brick Presbyterian, New York. "What Are You Saying to Your Soul?" Luke 12:19, 20—"I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease; eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee."

WILLIAM L. STEFFINS, State Avenue Methodist, Cincinnati, O. "Jesus and the City." Matt. 21:10, 11—"And all the city was moved, saying, Who is this?"

F. L. KINNINGS, Christ Church, Southernhay, Exeter, Devon, Eng. "The Vision That Triumphs." Heb. 2:9—"But we see Jesus."

HAROLD R. BRENNAN, North Methodist, Hartford, Conn. "Fireside Christians." Mark 14:54—"Peter . . . . sat . . . . and warmed himself at the fire."

JAMES D. KITCHIN, JR., First Christian, Newport News, Va. "Finding the Fatherland." Heb. 11:14—"Now people who speak plainly show they are in search of a fatherland." (Moffatt)

FOR YOUR SERMON TITLE AND TEXT
(Mail to The Christian Century Pulpit)

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Title of sermon

.....
Text used (Write out the text)

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Name of minister

.....

.....
Name of church

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Address

Note: As our file copies of the February PULPIT have been exhausted, we would appreciate the favor if readers having copies they do not wish to preserve would mail them to this office, at 440 S. Dearborn St., Chicago.

The Editor's Page

The Event of the Month

ENTHUSIASM in America for the emergence of republics here and there throughout the world, involving the dethronement of monarchs, is not so ebullient as it used to be. Nevertheless the abdication of Alphonso, last reigning scion of the once mighty houses of Bourbon and Hapsburg, has been treated by the press of America and the world as an event of extraordinary news value. The older assumption that a vanishing king meant the setting up of a better form of government in his place has been considerably weakened by a contrary exhibit on the part of certain nations which had the opportunity, and by the benignant use of the monarchy in certain other countries whose democracy is perhaps even more thorough-going than our own. Nevertheless, it looks as if the twilight of the kings is well advanced. Alphonso's fall followed within two days of the municipal elections in which the republicans were victorious throughout Spain. Their leader, Zamoro, languishing in jail for much of the eight-year period of Primo de Rivera's dictatorship, had been released before the elections and was ready to take office as provisional president of the republic of Spain. Alphonso left the country carrying a sizable fortune with him to France. At this writing it is not known where he will make his residence. He denies that he has abdicated, saying that he has only left the country so as to avoid plunging it into civil war. The revolution appears to have been accomplished without bloodshed, and the former king may count himself fortunate in escaping with his life and his goods. The first days of the new republic indicate that it is in control of the situation, and seeking to be recognized by other nations.

The Last of the Bourbons

The Book of the Month

CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL MOVEMENTS. *By Jerome Davis. The Century Company,* $5.00.

I WISH I could put this book on the study table of every minister. It would surely be used by him again and again as a source book from which he would get an accurate and fair conception of the outstanding idealistic movements of our time. Many preachers are content with loose and vague ideas about such movements as Socialism, Communism, Fascism, the British Labor movement, the Cooperative movement and the Peace movement. Dr. Davis has done a great service in gathering into one book an authoritative account and interpretation of each of these social ideals by their respective present-day leaders, as well as in his own words. His account is characterized by fairness and clearness. He is not a propagandist but a keen-eyed umpire. The student is thus able to get a perspective on the entire field of reform and to sense the currents and cross currents which spring out of our many forms of dissatisfaction with things as they are. Jerome Davis is head of the department of social science in Yale Divinity School. I am probably paying my readers a "compliment" in assuming that they are able during these hard times to lay out five dollars for a single book. But if you cannot afford to buy the book yourself, I suggest that you bring it to the attention of your public librarian who will no doubt put it on the list of books to be immediately purchased.

A Thought for the Month

RUSKIN has beautifully taught us to think of great books as spiritual in their nature, preserving and passing on the feelings and aspirations of the men who wrote them. As with books, so with the spoken word. In a friendship the word is a symbol, a carrier, of the spirit of our friend. We do not take our friend literally, holding his exact words before us in close scrutiny; our friendship gives us an insight into his heart so that his words are mere cues, so to speak, for our guidance in understanding his meaning. With a stranger it is not so. We have to weigh his words, question his tone of voice, study his manner. Just what his meaning may be we are not so sure because we do not know *him*. From the stranger we get only what meaning he is able to pack into his words. But from our friend we get more than he is able to put into words; his meaning overflows his words, and what we get from his words is always more than the words contain. In friendship spirit meets directly with spirit. Communication on this level is communion. It should also be so in our reading of the words of Jesus. He said his words were spirit and life. They were spirit because his purpose in uttering them was to communicate his spirit by means of them. The scribes cavilled at his words. They measured them against other words that they had heard—against Moses' word and Hillel's word. They listened to Jesus as one listens to a stranger, not as one listens to a friend. Some of us Christians make the same mistake. We listen to Jesus' words only, and we treasure his words as words. But he desires that his words shall kindle in us his insight, his spirit. Literalism is a sin. The letter killeth. It is the spirit that giveth life.

Spiritual Words

Charles Clayton Morrison

"More valuable than any other source of contemporary sermons of high quality with which I am acquainted"—says Dean Charles W. Gilkey of

The Christian Century Pulpit

DR. GILKEY (of the University of Chicago), says, in introducing this statement: "I want to add my word of constant and increasing indebtedness to the Pulpit, not only for the help it gives me as a preacher, but also for its very special value to the students in the Divinity School of the University, who are in my classes on preaching. We use it constantly there."

The Pulpit is being used in other Divinity Schools. Dr. W. L. STIDGER, of the Boston University School of Religion, uses 100 copies each month in his "laboratory courses." He says it is a "godsend."

Pres. JOHN TIMOTHY STONE of Presbyterian Seminary, writes that the Pulpit "is performing a splendid task in bringing contemporary preaching to our attention in so practical a way."

Pres. MILTON S. EVANS of Crozer Seminary, congratulates the staff of the Pulpit upon "what it has effected during its short term of service."

Pres. A. W. BEAVEN of Colgate-Rochester Seminary, says that "In a real sense, the magazine is taking the literary and theological pulse of the American pulpit."

Dean Emeritus CHARLES R. BROWN, of Yale, writes that the Pulpit "is stimulating to young preachers and to older chaps like myself, and is a very useful cross-section of contemporary work in the pulpits of our country."

Pres. E. G. CUTSHALL of Iliff Seminary is "impressed by this cross-section of this preaching Protestant generation."

Other Comments

"The choice of preachers and subjects has furnished one of the most interesting studies in the life of the American ministry, aside from the wealth of thought that has been brought to us. An admirable publication—no forward-looking minister can afford to be without it."—*Peter Ainslie, Christian Temple, Baltimore.*

"Is making a great appeal to ministers. It is something unique in its field."—*Ernest C. Wareing, Editor, Western Christian Advocate.*

"Your Young Ministers' Number makes us feel that the day of great preaching is not in the past."—*Walter R. Cremeans, Westminster Presbyterian Church, Springfield, Ill.*

"One of the finest and most stimulating periodicals which comes to my desk—helpful in every way. It creates within me a feeling of acquaintance with men of my profession throughout the country. Whatever you do, do not let my subscription lapse."—*W. S. K. Yeaple, Lake Avenue Baptist Church, Rochester, N. Y.*

"The Pulpit is exceedingly stimulating. The variety of sermons offered gives a wide contact."—*Carl C. Seitter, Grace M. E. Church, Los Angeles, Cal.*

"At last, in the Christian Century Pulpit, I have found a periodical which claims my attention from the first word to the last. It is the only paper which I read in its entirety."—*G. W. Hummel, West Broadway M. E. Church, Louisville, Ky.*

"I am certainly enjoying the Pulpit; your plan of publishing 'titles and texts' is very helpful."—*John R. Golden, First Christian Church, Topeka, Kan.*

"I value the Pulpit highly, and read every page with profit."—*Luther M. Kuhns, Omaha, Neb.*

"The Pulpit is a splendid stimulant."—*E. M. Nesbitt, First U. P. Church, Columbus, Ohio.*

"I rarely miss reading the Pulpit 'from cover to cover.' The wide range of topics from such different types of preachers offers the minister, within a few pages, thought-challenging material such as he would have to read several volumes to find."—*Frank W. Alexander, First Baptist Church, Mansfield, Mass.*

"You are giving us a series of fine messages."—*Wm. Chalmers Covert, Presbyterian Board of Christian Education.*

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